State of Innocence

AND

FALL of MAN

AN

OPERA

Written in Heroick Verse;

And Dedicated to Her Royal *Highness*

THE

DUTCHESS

By *John Dryden*, Servant to His Majesty.

Utinam modò dicere possem
Carmina digna Deâ; Certe est Dea Carmine digna. Ovid. Met.

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THE

DUTCHESS.

of York.

MADAM,

AMBITION is ſo far from being a Vice in Poets, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible for them to ſucceed without it. Imagination muſt be rais'd by a deſire of Fame, to a deſire of Pleaſing: And they whom in all Ages Poets have endeavour'd moſt to pleaſe, have been the Beautiful and the Great. Beauty is their Deity to which they ſacrifice, and Greatneſs is their Guardian-Angel which protects them. Both theſe are ſo eminently joyn'd in the Perſon of Your Royal Highneſs, that is where not eaſie for any but a Poet, to determine which of them out-ſhines the other. But I confeſs, Madam, I am already byaſs'd in my Choice: I can eaſily reſign to others the Praiſe of Your Illuſtrious Family, and that Glory which you derive from a long continued Race of Princes, famous for their Actions both in Peace and War: I can give up to the Hiſtorians of Your Countrey, the Names of ſo many Generals and Heroes which croud their Annals; and to our own, the Hopes of thoſe which You are to produce for the *Britiſh* Chronicle. I can yield, without envy, to the Nation of Poets, the Family of *Eſte*, to which *Ariſtotle* and *Taſſo* have own'd their Patronage; and to which the World has ow'd their Poems. But I could not, without extream reluctance, reſign the Theme of Your Beauty to another Hand. Give me leave, Madam, to acquaint the World that I am jealous of this Subject; and let it be no Diſhonour to You, that after having rais'd the Admiration of Mankind, You have inſpir'd one Man to give it voice. But with whatſoever Vanity this new Honour of being Your Poet has fill'd my Mind, I confeſs my ſelf too weak for the Inſpiration; the Prieſt was always unequal to the Oracle: The God within him was too mighty for his Breaſt. He labour'd with the Sacred Revelation, and there was more of the Myſtery left behind, than Divinity it ſelf could enable him to ex-

I can but discover a part of Your Excellencies to the World; and that too according to the measure of my own Weakness. Like those who have survey'd the Moon by Glasses, I can only tell of a new and shining World above us, but not relate the Riches and Glories of the Place. 'Tis therefore that I have already wav'd the Subject of Your Greatness, to resign my self to the Contemplation of what is more peculiarly Yours. Greatness is indeed communicated to some few of both Sexes; but Beauty is confin'd to a more narrow compass: 'Tis only in Your Sex; 'tis not shar'd by many; and its Supreme Perfection is in You alone. And here, Madam, I am proud that I cannot flatter. You have reconcil'd the differing Judgments of Mankind; for all Men are equal in their Judgment of what is eminently best. The Prize of Beauty was disputed only till You were seen; but now all Pretenders have withdrawn their Claims; There is no Competition but for the Second Place. Even the fairest of our Island (which is fam'd for Beauties) not daring to commit their Cause against You, to the Suffrage of those who most partially adore them. Fortune has, indeed, but render'd Justice to so much Excellence, in setting it so high to publick View; or rather Providence has done Justice to it self, in placing the most perfect Workmanship or Heaven, where it may be admir'd by all Beholders. Had the Sun and Stars been seated lower, their Glory had not been communicated to all at once; and the Creator had wanted so much of his Praise, as he had made Your Condition more obscure. But he has plac'd You so near a Crown, that You add a Lustre to it by Your Beauty. You are joyn'd to a Prince who only could deserve You; whose Conduct, Courage, and Success in War, whose Fidelity to His Royal Brother, whose Love for His Country, whose Constancy to His Friends, whose Bounty to His Servants, whose Justice to Merit, whose Inviolable Truth, and whose Magnanimity in all His Actions, seems to have been rewarded by Heaven, by the Gift of You. You are never seen, but You are blest; and I am sure You bless all those who see You. We think not the Day is long enough when we behold You: And You are so much the Business of our Souls, that while You are in sight, we can neither look nor think on any else. There are no Eyes for other Beauties: You only are present, and the rest of Your Sex are but the unregarded Parts that fill Your Triumph. Our Sight is so intent on the Object of its Admiration, that our Tongues have not leisure even to praise You; for Language seems too low a thing to express Your Excellence; and our Souls are speaking so much within, that they despise all foreign Conversation. Every Man, even the dullest, is thinking more than the most Eloquent can teach him how to utter. 'Thus, Madam, in the midst of Crowds, You reign in Solitude; and are ador'd with the deepest Veneration, that of Silence. 'Tis true, You are above all mortal Wishes; no man desires Impossibilities,

because

because they are beyond the reach of Nature. To hope to be a God, is Folly exalted into Madness; but by the Laws of our Creation, we are oblig'd to adore Him; and are permitted to love Him too, at human distance. 'Tis the Nature of Perfection to be attractive; but the Excellency of the Object refines the Nature of the Love. It strikes an Impression of awful Reverence; 'tis indeed that Love which is more properly a Zeal than Passion: 'Tis the Rapture which Anchorites find in Plays, when a Beam of the Divinity shines upon them; that which makes them despise all worldly Objects; and yet 'tis all but Contemplation. They are seldom visited from above; but a single Vision so transports them, that it makes up the Happiness of their Lives. Morality cannot bear it often: It finds them in the eagerness and heighth of their Devotion; they are Speechless for the time that it continues, and prostrate and dead when it departs. The Ecstasie had needs be strong, which, without any end, but that of Admiration, has power enough to destroy all other Passions. You render Mankind insensible to other Beauties; and have destroy'd the Empire of Love, in a Court which was the seat of his Dominion. You have subverted (may I dare to accuse You of it) even our Fundamental Laws, and reign absolute over the Hearts of a stubborn and free-born People, tenacious almost to Madness of their Liberty. The brightest and most Victorious of our Ladies make daily Complaints of revolted Subjects; if they may be said to be revolted, whose Servitude is not accepted; for Your Royal Highness is too Great and too Just a Monarch, either to want or to receive the Homage of Rebellious Fugitives. Yet if some few among the Multitude continue stedfast to the first Pretensions, 'tis an Obedience so lukewarm and languishing, that it merits not the Name of Passion: Their Addresses are so faint, and their Vows so hollow to their Sovereigns, that they seem only to maintain their Faith out of a Sense of Honour: They are asham'd to desist, and yet grow careless to obtain: Like despairing Combatants they strive against You, as if they had beheld unveil'd the Magical Shield of Your *Arioſto*, which dazled the Beholders with too much Brightness; they can no longer hold up their Arms, they have read their Destiny in Your Eyes.

Splende lo Scudo, a guiſa di Piropo;
E Luce altra non e tanto lucente:
Cader in terra a lo ſplendor fu d' vopo,
Con gli occhi abbacinati, e ſeza mente.

And yet, Madam, if I could find in my self the Power to leave this Argument of Your Incomparable Beauty, I might turn to one which would equally oppress me with its Greatness. For Your Conjugal Virtues have deserv'd to be set as an Example to a less degenerate, less tainted Age. They approach so near to Singularity in our

that I can scarcely make a Panegyrick to Your Royal Highness, without a Satyr on many others: But Your Person is a Paradise, and Your Soul a Cherubin within to guard it. If the Excellency of the out-side invite the Beholders, the Majesty of Your Mind deters them from too bold Approaches, and turns their Admiration into Religion. Moral Perfections are rais'd higher by You in the Softer Sex; as if Men were of too course a Mould for Heaven to work on, and that the Image of Divinity could not be cast to likeness in so harsh a Metal. Your Person is so admirable, that it can scarce receive Addition when it shall be glorify'd; and Your Soul, which shines through it, finds it of a Substance so near her own, that she will be pleas'd to pass an Age within it, and to be confin'd to such a Palace.

I know not how I am hurried back to my former Theme: I ought and purpos'd to have celebrated those Endowments and Qualities of Your Mind, which were sufficient, even without the Graces of the Person, to render You, as You are, the Ornament of the Court, and the Object of Wonder to three Kingdoms. But all my Praises are but as a Bull-rush cast upon a Stream; if they sink not, 'tis because they are born up by the strength of the Current, which supports their lightness; but they are carried round again, and return on the Eddy where they first began. I can proceed no farther than Your Beauty; and even on that too, I have said so little, considering the Greatness of the Subject, that, like him who would lodge a Bowl upon a Precipice, either my Praise falls back, by the Weakness of the Delivery, or stays not on the Top, but rowls over, and is lost on the other side. I intended this a Dedication; but how can I consider what belongs to my self, when I have been so long contemplating on You! Be pleas'd then, Madam, to receive this *POEM*, without intituling so much Excellency as Yours, to the Faults and Imperfections of so mean a Writer; and instead of being favourable to the Piece, which merits nothing, forgive the Presumption of the Author; who is, with all possible Veneration,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Most Obedient,

Most Humble,

Most Devoted Servant,

John Dryden.

To Mr. DRYDEN, on his POEM of PARADISE.

FOrgive me awful Poet, if a Muſe,
Whom Artleſs Nature did for Plainneſs chuſe,
In looſe attire preſents her humble Thought
Of this beſt Poem, that you ever wrought.
This faireſt Labour of your teeming Brain,
I wou'd embrace, but not with Flatt'ry ſtain:
Something I wou'd to your vaſt Virtue raiſe,
But ſcorn to dawb it with a fulſome Praiſe;
That wou'd but blot the Work I wou'd commend,
And ſhew a Court-Admirer, not a Friend.
To the dead Bard your Fame a little owes,
For Milton did the wealthy Mine diſcloſe,
And rudely caſt what you cou'd well diſpoſe.
He roughly drew, on an old-faſhion'd Ground,
A Chaos; for no perfect World was found,
Till through the Heap your mighty Genius ſhin'd;
His was the Golden Ore, which you refin'd.
He firſt beheld the Beauteous ruſtick Maid,
And to a Place of Strength the Prize convey'd;
You took her thence, to Court this Virgin brought,
Dreſt her with Gems, new-weav'd her hard-ſpun Thought,
And ſofteſt Language, ſweeteſt Manners taught:
Till from a Comet ſhe a Star did riſe,
Not to affright; but pleaſe our wond'ring Eyes.
Betwixt ye both is fram'd a Nobler Piece,
Than e're was drawn in Italy or Greece.

Thou from his Source of Thoughts ev'n Souls dost bring,
As smiling Gods from sullen Saturn *spring.*
When Night's dull Mask the Face of Heav'n does wear,
'Tis doubtful Light, but here and there a Star,
Which serves the dreadful Shadows to display,
That vanish at the rising of the Day:
But then Bright Robes the Meadows all adorn,
And the World looks as it were newly born.
So when your Sense his Mystick Reason clear'd,
The Melancholly Scene all Gay appear'd;
New Light leapt up, and a new Glory smil'd,
And all throughout was mighty, all was mild.
Before this Palace which thy Wit did build,
Which various Fancy did so gaudy gild,
And Judgment has with solid Riches fill'd,
My humbler Muse begs she may Centry stand,
Among the rest that guard this Eden *Land.*
But there's no need, for ev'n thy Foes conspire
Thy Praise; and hating thee, thy Work admire.
On then, O mighty'st of th' inspired Men,
Monarch of Verse, new Themes employ thy Pen;
The Troubles of Majestick CHARLES *set down:*
Not David *vanquish'd more to reach a Crown.*
Praise Him, as Cowley *did that* Hebrew *King,*
Thy Theme's as great, do thou as greatly sing.
Then thou may'st boldly to his Favour rise,
Look down, and the base Serpent's Hiss despise:
From thund'ring Envy safe in Lawrel sit,
While clam'rous Criticks their Vile Heads submit,
Condemn'd for Treason at the Bar of Wit.

Nat. Lee.

The

The Author's Apology for Heroick Poetry, and Poetick Licence.

To satisfie the Curiosity of those who will give themselves the trouble of reading the ensuing POEM, I think my self obliged to render them a Reason, why I publish an OPERA *which was never acted. In the first place, I shall not be asham'd to own, That my chiefest Motive, was the Ambition which I acknowledg'd in the Epistle. I was desirous to lay at the Feet of so Beautiful and Excellent a Princess, a Work, which, I confess, was unworthy Her; but which I hope She will have the Goodness to forgive. I was also induc'd to it in my own defence, many hundred Copies of it being dispers'd abroad, without my Knowledge, or Consent; so that every one gathering new Faults, it became at length a Libel against me; and I saw, with some disdain, more Nonsense than either I, or as bad a Poet, could have cram'd into it, at a Month's warning; in which time, 'twas wholly written, and not since revis'd. After this, I cannot, without Injury to the deceas'd Author of* Paradise Lost, *but acknowledge that this POEM has receiv'd its entire Foundation, part of the Design, and many of the Ornaments from him. What I have borrow'd will be so easily discern'd from my mean Productions, that I shall not need to point the* Reader *to the Places: And, truly, I should be sorry, for my own sake, that any one should take the pains to compare them together, the Original being undoubtedly one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime POEMS, which either this Age or Nation has produc'd. And tho' I could not refuse the Partiality of my Friend, who is pleas'd to commend me in his Verses, I hope they will rather be esteem'd the effect of his Love to me, than of his deliberate and sober Judgment. His Genius is able to make beautiful what he pleases. Yet, as he has been too favourable to me, I doubt not but he will hear of his Kindness from many of our Contemporaries: For we are fallen into an Age of Illiterate, Censorious, and Detracting People; who thus qualify'd, set up for Criticks.*

In the first place, I must take leave to tell them, that they wholly mistake the nature of Criticism, who think its Business is principally to find fault. Criticism, as 'twas first instituted by Aristotle, *was meant a Standard of judging well. The chiefest parts of which, is to observe those Excellencies which should delight a reasonable* Reader. *If the Design, the Conduct, the Thoughts, and the Expressions of a* Poem, *be generally such as proceed from a true Genius of Poetry; the Critick ought to pass his Judgment in favour of the Author. The malicious and [illegible]*

at the little lapses of a Pen, from which Virgil *himself stands not exempted.* Horace *acknowledges that honest* Homer *nods sometimes: He is not equally awake in every Line: But he leaves it also as a standing Measure for our Judgments.*

——Non, Ubi plura nitent in Carmine, paucis
Offendi maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit Natura——

And Longinus, *who was undoubtedly, after* Aristotle, *the greatest Critick among the* Greeks, *in his twenty seventh Chapter* περὶ ὕψους, *has judiciously prefer'd the sublime Genius that sometimes errs, to the middling or indifferent one which makes few Faults, but seldom or never rises to any Excellence. He compares the first to a man of large Possessions, who has not leisure to consider of every slight Expence, will not debase himself to the management of every Trifle: Particular Sums are not laid out or squar'd to the greatest Advantage in his Oeconomy: But are sometimes suffer'd to run to waste, while he is only careful of the Main. On the other side, he likens the Mediocrity of Wit, to one of a mean Fortune, who manages his Store with extream frugality, or rather parsimony; but who with fear of running into profuseness, never arrives to the magnificence of living. This kind of Genius writes, indeed, correctly: A wary man he is in Grammer; very nice as to Solœcism or Barbarism, judges to a hair of little Decencies, knows better than any man what is not to be written, and never hazards himself so far as to fall; but plods on deliberately, and as a grave Man ought, is sure to put his Staff before him: In short, he sets his Heart upon it, and with wonderful care makes his Business sure, that is, in plain* English, *neither to be blam'd, nor prais'd——I could, saith my Author, find out some Blemishes in* Homer; *and am, perhaps, as naturally inclin'd to be disgusted at a Fault as another Man. But after all, to speak impartially, his Failings are such, as are only Marks of human Frailty; they are little Mistakes, or rather Negligence, which have escap'd his Pen in the fervour of his writing; the sublimity of his Spirit carries it with me against his carelessness: And though* Apollonius *his* Argonautes, *and* Theocritus *his* Eidullia, *are more free from Errors, there is not any Man of so false a Judgment, who would chuse rather to have been* Apollonius *or* Theocritus, *than* Homer.

'Tis worth our consideration, a little to examine how much these Hypercriticks *of* English *Poetry, differ from the Opinion of the* Greek *and* Latin *Judges of Antiquity, from the* Italians *and* French *who have succeeded them; and indeed, from the general Taste and Approbation of all Ages. Heroick Poetry, which they contemn, has ever been esteem'd, and ever will be, the greatest Work of Human Nature; in that rank has* Aristotle *plac'd it, and* Longinus *is so full of the like Expressions, that he abundantly confirms the others Testimony.* Horace *as plainly delivers his*

Trojani Belli Scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Prænſte relegi;
Qui quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius, ac melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.

And in another place, modeſtly excluding himſelf from the number of Poets, becauſe he only writ Odes and Satyrs, he tells you a Poet is ſuch an one, ——Cui mens Divinor atque os,
magna ſoniturum.

Quotations are ſuperfluous in an eſtabliſh'd Truth, otherwiſe I cou'd reckon up amongſt the Moderns, all the Italian *Commentators on* Ariſtotle's *Book of Poetry; amongſt the* French, *the greateſt in this Age,* Boileau *and* Rapin; *the latter of which is alone ſufficient, where all other Criticks loſt, to teach anew the Rules of Writing. Any Man who will ſeriouſly conſider the Nature of an Epick Poem, how it agrees with that of Poetry in general, which is to inſtruct and to delight; what Actions it deſcribes, and what Perſons they are chiefly whom it informs, will find it a Work which indeed is full of difficulty in the attempt, but admirable when 'tis well perform'd. I write not this with the leaſt intention to undervalue the other parts of Poetry; for Comedy is both excellently inſtructive, and extreamly pleaſant: Satyr laſhes Vice into Reformation, and Humour repreſents Folly ſo as to render it ridiculous. Many of our preſent Writers are eminent in both theſe kinds; and particularly the Author of the* Plain-Dealer, *whom I am proud to call my Friend, has oblig'd all honeſt and virtuous Men, by one of the moſt bold, moſt general, and moſt uſeful Satyrs which has ever been preſented on the Engliſh Theatre. I do not diſpute the preference of Tragedy; let every Man enjoy his taſte; but 'tis unjuſt that they who have not the leaſt notion of Heroick writing, ſhould therefore condemn the pleaſure which others receive from it, becauſe they cannot comprehend it. Let them pleaſe their Appetites in eating what they like, but let them not force their Diſh on all the Table. They who would combat general Authority with particular Opinion, muſt firſt eſtabliſh themſelves a Reputation of underſtanding better than other Men. Are all the Flights of Heroick Poety to be concluded bombaſt, unnatural, and meer madneſs, becauſe* They *are not affected with their Excellencies; 'Tis juſt as reaſonable as to conclude there is no Day, becauſe a blind Man cannot diſtinguiſh of Light and Colours; ought they not rather in modeſty, to doubt of their own Judgments, when they think this or that Expreſſion in* Homer, Virgil, Taſſo, *or* Milton's Paradiſe, *to be too far ſtrain'd, than poſitively to conclude, that 'tis all Fuſtin and meer Nonſenſe? 'Tis true, there are limits to be ſet betwixt the boldneſs and raſhneſs of a Poet; but he muſt underſtand thoſe limits who preſumes to judge, as well as he who undertakes to write; and he who has no*

He must be a Lawyer before he mounts the Tribunal; and the Judicature of one Court too, does not qualifie a man to preside in another. He may be an excellent Pleader in the Chancery, *who is not fit to rule the* Common Pleas. *But I will presume for once to tell them, that the boldest strokes of Poetry, when they are managed Artfully, are those which most delight the* Reader.

Virgil *and* Horace, *the severest Writers of the severest Age, have made frequent use of the hardest Metaphors, and of the strangest Hyperboles: And in this case the best Authority is the best Argument. For generally to have pleas'd, through all Ages, must bear the force of Universal Tradition. And if you would appeal from thence to Right Reason, you will gain no more by it in effect, than first, to set up your Reason against those Authors; and secondly, against all those who have admir'd them. You must prove why that ought not to have pleas'd, which has pleas'd the most Learned, and the most Judicious: And to be thought knowing, you must first put the Fool upon all Mankind. If you can enter more deeply than they have done, into the Causes and Resorts of that which moves Pleasure in a Reader, the Field is open, you may be heard: But those Springs of Human Nature are not so easily discovered by every superficial Judge: It requires Philosophy as well as Poetry, to sound the depth of all the Passions; what they are in themselves, and how they are to be provoked; and in this Science the best Poets have excell'd.* Aristotle *rais'd the Fabrick of his Poetry, from observations of those things, in which* Euripides, Sophocles, *and* Æschylus *pleas'd: He consider'd how they rais'd the Passions, and thence has drawn the Rules for our Imitation. From hence have sprung the Tropes and Figures, for which they wanted a Name, who first practis'd them, and succeeded in them: Thus I grant you, that the knowledge of Nature was the Original Rule, and that all Poets ought to study her, as well as* Aristotle *and* Horace, *her Interpreters. But then this also undeniably follows, That those things which delight all Ages, must have been an Imitation of Nature; which is all I contend. Therefore is Rhetorick made an Art; therefore the Names of so many Tropes and Figures were invented; because it was observ'd they had such and such an effect upon the Audience. Therefore* Catachreses *and* Hyperboles *have found their place amongst them; not that they are to be avoided, but to be us'd judiciously, and plac'd in Poetry, as heightning and shadows are in Painting, to make the Figure bolder, and caused to stand off to sight.*

——Nec retia Cervis
Ulla, dolum meditantur, *says* Virgil *in his* Eclogues. *And speaking of* Leander *in his* Georgicks,

Cæca nocte natat cerus freta, quem super, ingens
Porta tonat Cæli; & scopulis illisa reclamant
Æquora:——

In both of these you see he fears not to give Voice and Thought to things inanimate.

He

Will you arraign your Master Horace, *for his hardiness of Expression, when he describes the Death of* Cleopatra? *And says she did* Aspera tractare serpentes, ut atrum corpore combiberet venenum? *Because the Body in that Action performs what is proper to the Mouth.*

As for Hyperboles, *I will neither quote* Lucan, *nor* Statius, *Men of an unbounded Imagination, but who often wanted the Poize of Judgment. The Divine* Virgil *was not liable to that exception; and yet he describes* Polyphemus *thus:*

——————Graditurque per æquor
Jam medium; nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.

In Imitation of this place, our admirable Cowley *thus paints* Goliah.

The Valley, now, this Monster seem'd to fill;
And we, methought, look'd up to him from our Hill.

Where the two Words Seem'd *and* Methought, *have mollified the Figure; and yet if they had not been there, the fright of the* Israelites *might have excus'd their belief of the Giant's Stature.*

In the eighth of the Æneids, Virgil *paints the Swiftness of* Camilla *thus:*

Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas;
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumenti,
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

You are not oblig'd, as in History, to a literal Belief of what the Poet says: But you are pleas'd with the Image, without being cozen'd by the Fiction.

Yet even in History, Longinus *quotes* Herodotus *on this occasion of* Hyperboles. *The* Lacedemonians, *says he, at the Straits of* Thermopylæ, *defended themselves to the last Extremity; and when their Arms fail'd them, fought it out with their Nails and Teeth; till at length (the* Persians *shooting continually upon them) they lay buried under the Arrows of their Enemies. It is not reasonable (Continues the* Critick) *to believe that Men could defend themselves with their Nails and Teeth from an armed multitude; nor that they lay buried under a Pile of Darts and Arrows: and yet there wants not probability for the Figure; because the* Hyperbole *seems not to have been made for the sake of the Description, but rather to have been produc'd from the occasion.*

'Tis true, the boldness of the Figures are to be hidden sometimes by the address of the Poet, that they may work their Effect upon the Mind, without discovering the Art which caus'd it. And therefore they are principally to be us'd in Passion; when we speak more warmly, and with more precipitation than at other times: For then, Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi; *the Poet must put on the Passion he endeavours to represent. A Man in such an occasion is not cool enough, either to reason rightly, or to talk calmly. Aggrovations are then in their proper Places; Interrogations, Exclamations, Hyperbata, or a disorder'd connexion of Discourse, are graceful there, because they are Natural. The figures all*

depends on what before I hinted, that this boldness of Expression is not to be blam'd; if it be manag'd by the Coolness and Discretion which is necessary to a Poet.

Yet before I leave this Subject, I cannot but take notice how disingenuous our Adversaries appear: All that is dull, insipid, languishing, and without Spirit in a Poem, they call an Imitation of Nature: They only offend our most equitable Judges, who think beyond them; and lively Images and Elocution are never to be forgiven.

What Fustain, as they call it, have I heard these Gentlemen find out in Mr. Cowley's Orders; I acknowledge my self unworthy to defend so exellent an Author: Neither have I room to do it here; only in general I will say. That nothing can appear more beautiful to me, than the Strength of those Images which they condemn.

Imaging is, in it self, the very heighth and life of Poetry. 'Tis, as Longinus describes it, a Discourse, which by a kind of Enthusiasm, or extraordinary Emotion of the Soul, makes it seem to us that we behold those things which the Poet paints, so as to be pleas'd with them, and to admire 'em.

If Poetry be Imitation, that part of it must needs be best, which describes most lively our Actions and Passions, our Virtues and our Vices, our Follies and our Humours; for neither is Comedy without its part of Imaging; and they who do it best, are certainly the most excellent in their kind. This is too plainly prov'd to be denied. But how are Poetical Fictions, how are Hippocentaurs and Chimera's, or how are Angels and Immaterial Substances to be imag'd; which, some of them, are things quite out of Nature; others, such whereof we can have no notion? This is the last refuge of our Adversaries, and more than any of them have yet had the wit to object against us. The Answer is easie to the first part of it. The Fiction of some Beings which are not in Nature, (second Notions, as the Logicians call them) has been founded on the conjunction of two Natures, which have a real separate Being. So Hippocentaurs were imaged by joyning the Natures of a Man and Horse together; as Lucretius tells us, who has used this word of Image oftner than any of the Poets.

Nam certe ex vivo, Centauri non fit Imago,
Nulla fuit quoniam talis natura animal:
Verum ubi equi atque hominis, causa convenit Imago,
Hæresit facile extemplo, &c.

The same reason may also be alledged for Chimæra's and the rest. And Poets may be allow'd the like Liberty, for describing things which really exist not, if they are founded on popular Belief; Of this Nature are Fairies, Pigmies, and the extraordinary Effects of Magick: For 'tis still an Imitation, tho' of other Mens Fancies; and thus are Shakespear's Tempest, his Midsummer Nights Dream, and Ben. Johnson's Mask

of Witches, to be defended. For immaterial Substances we are authoriz'd by Scripture in their description; and herein the Text accommodates it self to vulgar Apprehension, in giving Angels the likeness of Beautiful young Men. Thus, after the Pagan Divinity has Homer drawn his Gods with humane Faces: And thus we have Notions of things above us, by describing them like other Beings more within our Knowledge.

I wish I could produce any one Example of excellent Imaging in all this Poem: Perhaps I cannot; but that which comes nearest it, is in these four Lines, which have been sufficiently canvas'd by my well-natur'd Censors.

Seraph and Cherub, careless of their Charge,
And wanton, in full ease now live at large.
Ungarded leave the Passes of the Sky;
And all dissolv'd in Hallelujah's lie.

I have heard (says one of them) of Anchoves dissolv'd in Sauce, but never of an Angel in Hallelujah's. A mighty Witticism! (if you will pardon a new Word) but there is some difference between a Laugher and a Critick. He might have burlesqu'd Virgil too, from whom I took the Image: Invadunt Urbem, somno vinoque sepultam. A City's being buried, is just as proper on occasion, as an Angel's being dissolv'd in Ease, and Songs of Triumph. Mr. Cowley lies as open too in many places:

Where their vast Courts the Mother Waters keep, &c. For if the Mass of Waters be the Mothers, then their Daughters, the little Streams, are bound in all good manners, to make Curt'sie to them, and ask them Blessing. How easie 'tis to turn into ridicule the best Descriptions, when once a Man is in the humour of laughing, till he wheezes at his own dull Jest! But an Image which is strongly and beautifully set before the Eyes of the Reader, will still be Poetry when the merry Fit is over; and last when the other is forgotten.

I promis'd to say somewhat of Poetick Licence, but have in part anticipated my Discourse already. Poetick Licence, I take to be the Liberty which Poets have assum'd to themselves in all Ages, of speaking things in Verse, which are beyond the severity of Prose. 'Tis that particular Character, which distinguishes and sets the bounds betwixt Oratio soluta and Poetry. This, as to what regards the Thoughts, or Imagination of a Poet, consists in Fiction; but then those Thoughts must be express'd; and here arise two other branches of it: For if this Licence be included in a single word, it admits of Tropes; if in a Sentence or Proposition, of Figures: Both which are of a much larger extent, and more forcibly to be us'd in Verse than Prose. This is that Birth-right which is deriv'd to us from our great Fore-fathers, even from Homer down to Ben. And they who would deny it to us, have, in plain terms, the Foxes Quarrel to the Grapes, they cannot reach it.

How far these Liberties are to be extended, I will not presume to determine here, since Horace does not. But it is certain, that they are to be varied according to the Language and Age in which an Author writes. That which would be allow'd to a Grecian Poet, Martial tells you, would not be suffer'd in a Roman. And 'tis evident, that the English does more nearly follow the strictness of the latter, than the freedoms of the former. Connection of Epithets, or the conjunction of two Words in one, are frequent and elegant in the Greek, which yet Sir Philip Sydney, and the Translators of Du Bartas, have unluckily attempted in the English; tho' this, I confess, is not so proper an Instance of Poetick Licence, as it is of variety of Idiom in Languages.

Horace a little explains himself on this Subject of Licentia Poetica, in Verses:

——————Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas;
Sed non, ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes Avibus geminentur, Tygribus Hœdi.

He would have a Poem of a Piece; not to begin one thing, and end with another: He restrains it so far, that thoughts of an unlike Nature, ought not to be joyn'd together. That were indeed to make a Chaos. He tax'd not Homer, nor the Divine Virgil, for interessing their Gods in the Wars of Troy and Italy: Neither, had he now liv'd, would he have tax'd Milton, as our false Criticks have presum'd to do, for his Choice of a supernatural Argument; but he would have blam'd my Author, who was a Coristian, had he introduc'd into his Poems Heathen Deities, as Tasso is condemn'd by Rapin on the like occasion: And as Camoens, the Author of the Lusiads, ought to be censur'd by all his Readers, when he brings in Bacchus and Christ into the same Adventure of his Fable. From that which has been said, it may be collected; that the Definition of Wit (which has been so often attempted, and ever unsuccessfully, by many Poets) is only this, That it is a Propriety of Thoughts and Words; or in other Terms, Thoughts and Words elegantly adapted to the Subject. If our Criticks will joyn issue on this Definition, that we may convenire in aliquo tertio; if they will take it as a granted Principle, 'twill be easie to put an end to the Dispute. No Man will disagree from another's Judgment, concerning this Dignity of Style, in Heroick Poetry; but all reasonable Men will conclude it necessary, that sublimest Subjects ought to be adorn'd with the sublimest, and (consequently often) with the most figurative Expressions. In the mean time, I will not run into their fault of imposing my Opinions on other Men, any more than I would my Writings on their Taste; I have only laid down, and that superficially enough, my present Thoughts; and shall be glad to be taught better, by those who pretend to reform our Poetry.

THE
State of INNOCENCE:
AND
FALL of MAN.
AN
OPERA.

The first Scene represents a Chaos, *or a confus'd Mass of Matter; the Stage is almost wholly dark. A Symphony of Warlike Musick is heard for some time; then from the Heav'ns (which are open'd) fall the rebellious Angels, wheeling in the Air, and seeming transfix'd with Thunderbolts. The bottom of the Stairs being open'd, receives the Angels, who fall out of sight. Tunes of Victory are plaid, and an Hymn sung. Angels discovered above brandishing their Swords: The Musick ceasing, and the Heavens being closed, the Scene shifts, and on a sudden represents Hell. Part of the Scene is a Lake of Brimstone, or rowling Fire; the Earth of a burnt Colour. The fallen Angels appear on the Lake, lying prostrate; a Tune of Horrour and Lamentation is heard.*

ACT I. SCENE. I.

Lucifer *raising himself on the Luke.*

Lucifer. IS this the Seat our Conquerour has giv'n?
And this the Climate we must change for Heav'n?
These Regions and these Realms my Wars have got:
This mournful Empire is the Lofer's Lot:
In liquid Burnings, or on dry to dwell,
Is all the sad variety of Hell.

But see the Victor has recall'd from far,
Th' Avenging storms, his Ministers of War;
His shafts are spent, and his tir'd Thunders sleep,
Nor longer bellow through the boundless deep.
Best take th' occasion, and these Waves forsake,
While time is giv'n. Ho, *Asmoday*, awake,
If thou art he: But, ah! how chang'd from him,
Companion of thy Arms! how wan! how dim!
How faded all thy Glories are! I see
My self too well, and mine own Change in thee.

Asmoday. Prince of the Thrones, who, in the fields of Light,
Led'st forth the imbattl'd Seraphins to fight,
Who shook the Pow'r of Heav'ns eternal State,
Had broke it too, if not upheld by Fate;
But now those hopes are fled: Thus low we lie,
Shut from this day, and that contended Skie;
And lost, as far as heav'nly Forms can die:
Yet not all perish'd, we defie him still,
And yet wage War with our unconquer'd Will.

Lucifer. Strength may return.

Asm. Already of thy Virtue I partake,
Erected by thy voice.

Lucif. ----------See on the Lake
Our Troops, like scatter'd leaves in Autumn, lie;
First let us raise our selves, and seek the dry,
Perhaps more easie dwelling.

Asm. ------From the Beach,
Thy well-known voice, the sleeping Gods will reach.
And wake th' immortal Sense, which Thunder's Noise
Had quell'd, and Lightning deep had driv'n within 'em.

Lucif. With Wings expanded wide, our selves we'll rear.
And fly incumbent on the dusky Air:
Hell, thy new Lord receive,
Heav'n cannot envy me an Empire here.

[*Both fly to dry Land.*

Asm. Thus far we have prevail'd; if that be gain
Which is but change of place, not change of pain.
Now summon we the rest.

Lucif. Dominions, Pow'rs, ye Chiefs of Heav'n's bright Host,
(Of Heaven's, once yours; but now, in battle lost)
Wake from your Slumbers: Are your Beds of Down?
Sleep you so easie there? Or fear the Frown
Of him who threw you thence, and joys to see
Your abject State confess his Victory?
Rise, rise, e're from his battlements he view

To ſtrike you deeper down.

Aſm. ——————They wake, they hear.
Shake off their Slumber firſt, and next their Fear;
And only for th' appointed Signal ſtay.

Lucif. Riſe from the Flood, and higher wing our way.

Mol. From the Lake. Thine to Command, our part 'tis to Obey.

[*The reſt of the Devils riſe up, and fly to the Land.*

Lucif. So now we are our ſelves again, an Hoſt
Fit to tempt Fate, once more, for what we loſt.
T' o'erleap the Etherial Fence; or if ſo high
We cannot climb, to undermine his Skie,
And blow him up, who juſtly rules us now,
Becauſe more ſtrong: Should he be forc'd to bow,
The Right were ours again: 'Tis juſt to win
The higheſt place; t' attempt and fail, is ſin.

Mol. Chang'd as we are, we're yet from Homage free;
We have, by Hell, at leaſt gain'd Liberty:
That's worth our fall: Thus low tho' we are driv'n,
Better to rule in Hell, than ſerve in Heav'n.

Lucif. There ſpoke the better half of *Luciſer!*

Aſm. 'Tis fit in frequent Senate we confer,
And then determine how to Steer our courſe;
To wage new War by Fraud, or open Force.
The Doom's now paſt; Submiſſion were in vain.

Mol. And, were it not, ſuch baſeneſs I diſdain.
I would not ſtoop to purchaſe all above;
And ſhould contemn a pow'r whom Pray'r cou'd move,
As one unworthy to have conquer'd me.

Beelzebub. Moloch, in that, all are reſolv'd like thee.
The means are unpropos'd; but 'tis not fit
Our dark *Divan* in publick view ſhould ſit;
Or what we plot againſt the Thunderer,
Th' ignoble Crowd of Vulgar Devils hear.

Lucif. A golden Palace let be rais'd on high;
To imitate? No, to out ſhine the Sky!
All Mines are ours, and Gold above the reſt;
Let this be done, and quick as 'twas expreſt.

[*A Palace riſes, where ſit, as in Council,* Lucifer, Aſmoday, Moloch, Belial, Beelzebub, *and* Sathan.

Moſt high and mighty Lords, who better fell
From Heav'n to riſe States-General of Hell;
Nor yet repent, tho' ruin'd and undone,
Our upper Provinces already won,
Such Pride there is in Souls created free,
Such hate of Univerſal Monarchy;

Speak, (for we therefore meet)——————
If Peace you chuſe, your Suffrages declare;
Or means propound, to carry on the War.
Mol. My ſentence is for War; that open too:
Unskill'd in Stratagems, plain Force I know:
Treaties are vain to Loſers: Nor would we,
Should Heav'n grant Peace, ſubmit to Sov'raignty.
We can no caution give, we will adore;
And he above is warn'd to truſt no more.
What then remains but Battle?
Sathan. I agree
With this brave Vote; and if in Hell there be
Ten more ſuch Spirits, Heav'n's our own again:
We venture nothing, and may all obtain.
Yet who can hope but well, ſince e'en Succeſs
Makes Foes ſecure, and makes our danger leſs.
Seraph and *Cherub*, careleſs of their Charge,
And wanton in full eaſe, now live at large,
Ungarded leave the Paſſes of the Sky,
And all diſſolv'd in *Hallelujahs* lie,
Mol. Grant that our hazardous Attempt prov'd vain;
We feel the worſt, ſecur'd from greater pain:
Perhaps we may provoke the conqu'ring Foe
To make us nothing; yet ev'n then we know,
That not to be, is not to be in woe.
Belial. That knowledge which as Spirits we obtain,
Is to be valu'd in the mid'ſt of Pain:
Annihilation were to loſe Heav'n more:
We are not quite exil'd, where Thought can ſoar.
Then ceaſe from Arms;
Tempt him not farther to purſue his Blow;
And be content to bear thoſe Pains we know.
If what we had we could not keep, much leſs
Can we regain what thoſe above poſſeſs.
Beelzeb. Heav'n ſleeps not; for one wink a Breach would be
In the full Circle of Eternity.
Long Pains, with uſe of bearing, are half eas'd;
Heav'n unprovok'd, at length may be appeas'd.
By War we can't eſcape our wretched Lot;
And may, perhaps, not warring, be forgot.
Aſm. Could we repent, or did not Heav'n well know
Rebellion once forgiv'n, would greater grow;
I ſhould, with *Belial*, chuſe ignoble eaſe:
But neither would the Conquerour give Peace,
Nor yet ſo loſt in this low State we are,
As to deſpair of a well-manag'd War:

Nor need we tempt thoſe heights which Angels keep,
Who fear no force, or ambuſh from the deep.
What if we find ſome eaſier enterprize?
There is a Place, if ancient Prophecies
And Fame of Heav'n not err, the bleſt abode
Of ſome new Race, call'd Man, a Demi-God,
Whom, near this time, th' Almighty muſt create;
He ſwore it, ſhook the Heav'ns, and made it Fate.

Lucif. I heard it; through all Heav'n the rumour ran,
And much they talk of this intended *Man*:
Of Form Divine; but leſs in Excellence
Than we, endu'd with Reaſon lodg'd in Senſe:
The Soul pure Fire, like ours of equal force;
But pent in Fleſh, muſt iſſue by Diſcourſe.
We ſee what is; to Man Truth muſt be brought
By Senſe, and drawn by a long Chain of Thought:
By that faint Light to will and underſtand;
For made leſs knowing, he's at more command.

Aſm. Tho' Heav'n be ſhut, that World, if it be made
As neareſt Heav'n, lies open to invade:
Man therefore muſt be known, his Strength, his State,
And by what Tenure he holds all of Fate.
Him let us then ſeduce, or overthrow:
The firſt is eaſieſt; and makes Heav'n his Foe.
Adviſe, if this attempt be worth our care.

Belial. Great is th' Advantage, great the Hazards are.
Some one (but who that task dares undertake?)
Of this new Creature muſt diſcov'ry make.
Hell's Brazen Gates he firſt muſt break, then far
Muſt wander through old night, and through the War.
Of antique Chaos; and when theſe are paſt,
Meet Heav'n's out-guards, who ſcout upon the waſte:
At every Station muſt be bid to ſtand,
And forc'd to anſwer every ſtrict demand.

Mol. This glorious Enterprize—— [*Riſing up.*

Lucif. ——————Raſh Angel, ſtay;
[*Riſing and laying his Sceptre on* Moloch's *head.*
That Palm is mine, which none ſhall take away.
Hot Braves, like thee, may fight; but know not well
To manage this, the laſt great Stake of Hell.
Why am I rank'd in State above the reſt,
If, while I ſtand of Sovereign Power poſſeſt,
Another dares in danger farther go?
Kings are not made for eaſe, and Pageant Show.
Who would be Conquerour muſt venture all:
He merits not to riſe who dares not fall.

Asm. The praise and danger then be all your own.
Lucif. On this Foundation I erect my Throne:
Through Brazen Gates, vast Chaos, and old Night,
I'll force my way; and upwards steer my Flight:
Discover this new World, and newer Man;
Make him my Foot-step to mount Heav'n again:
Then, in the Clemency of upward Air,
We'll scour our spots, and the dire Thunders scar,
With all the Remnants of th' unlucky War,
And once again grow bright, and once again grow fair.
Asm. Mean time the Youth of Hell strict guard may keep,
And set their Centries to the utmost deep.
That no Etherial Parasite may come
To spie our Ills, and tell glad Tales at home.
Lucif. Before yon Brimstone-Lake thrice ebb and flow,
(Alas that we must measure Time by Woe!)
I shall return; (my mind presages well)
And outward lead the Colonies of Hell.
Your care I much approve; what time remains,
With Sports and Musick, in the Vales and Fields,
And whate're Joy so sad a Climate yields,
Seek to forget at least divert your pains.

Betwixt the first Act, and the second, while the Chiefs sit in the Palace, may by expressed the Sports of the Devils; as Flights and Dancing in Croteſque Figures; and a Song expressing the Change of their Condition; what they enjoy'd before; and how they fell bravely in Battle, having deserved Victory by their valour; and what they would have done, if they had conquer'd.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Champain Countrey.

Adam, *as newly created, laid on a Bed of Moss and Flowers, by a Rock.*

[*Rising.*

Adam. WHat am I? Or from whence? For that I am,
I know, because I think; but whence I came,
Or how this frame of mine began to be,
What other Being can disclose to me?
I move, I see, I speak, discourse and know;
Tho' now I am, I was not always so.

Then

Then that from which I was muſt be before,
Whom as my Spring of Being I adore.
How full of Ornament is all I view,
In all its Parts! And ſeems as beautiful as new:
O goodly order'd Work! O Pow'r Divine,
Of thee I am; and what I am is thine!

[Raphael *deſcends to* Adam *in a Cloud.*

Ra. Firſt of Mankind, made o're the World to reign,
Whoſe fruitful Loins an unborn kind contain,
Well haſt thou reaſon'd; of himſelf is none
But that Eternal Infinite, and One,
Who never did begin, who ne'er can end;
On him all beings, as their ſource, depend.
We firſt, who of his Image moſt partake,
Whom he all Spirit Immortal pure did make:
Man next; whoſe Race exalted, muſt ſupply
The Place of thoſe, who, falling, loſt the Sky.

Adam. Bright Miniſter of Heav'n, ſent here below
To me, who but begin to think and know;
If ſuch could fall from bliſs, who knew and ſaw,
By near Admiſſion, their Creator's Law;
What hopes have I, from Heav'n remote ſo far,
To keep thoſe Laws, unknowing when I err?

Ra. Right Reaſon's Laws to every human heart
Th' Eternal, as his Image, will impart:
This teaches to adore Heav'n's Majeſty:
In Pray'r and Praiſe does all Devotion lie:
So doing, thou and all thy Race are bleſt.

Adam. Of every creeping thing, of Bird and Beaſt,
I ſee the Kinds; in Pairs diſtinct they go:
The Males their Loves, their Lovers Females know,
Thou nam'dſt a Race which muſt proceed from me,
Yet my whole ſpecies in my ſelf I ſee:
A barren Sex, and ſingle, of no uſe;
But full of Forms, which I can ne'er produce.

Ra. Think not the Pow'r who made thee thus can find
No way, like their's, to propagate thy Kind.
Mean time, live happy in thy ſelf alone;
Like him, who, ſingle, fills th' Etherial Throne
To ſtudy Nature will thy time employ:
Knowledge and Innocence are perfect joy.

Adam. If Solitude were beſt, th' All-wiſe above
Had made no Creature for himſelf to love.
I add not to the Pow'r he had before;
Yet to make me, extends his Goodneſs more.

He would not be alone, who all things can;
But peopl'd Heav'n with Angles, Earth with Man.
Ra. As Men and Angels to the Deity,
So all Inferiour Creatures are to thee.
Heav'n's greatneſs no Society can bear;
Servants he made, and thoſe thou want'ſt not here.
Adam. Why did He Reaſon in my Soul implant,
And Speech, th' effect of Reaſon? To the Mute
My Speech is loſt? My Reaſon to the Brute.
Love and Society more Bleſſings bring
To them, the Slaves, than Power to me their King.
Ra. Thus far to try thee; but, to Heaven, 'twas known,
It was not beſt for Man to be alone;
An equal, yet thy Subject, is deſign'd
For thy ſoft Hours, and to unbend thy Mind.
Thy ſtronger Soul ſhall her weak Reaſon ſway;
And thou, through Love, her Beauty ſhalt obey:
Thou ſhalt ſecure her helpleſs Sex from harms;
And ſhe thy Cares ſhall ſweeten with her Charms.
Adam. What more can Heav'n beſtow, or Man require?
Ra. Yes; He can give beyond thy own deſire,
A manſion is provided thee, more fair
Than this, and worthy Heavens peculiar Care:
Not fram'd of common Earth, nor Fruits, nor Flowers
Of Vulgar Growth; but like Celeſtial Bowers:
The Soil luxuriant, and the Fruit Divine;
Where golden Apples on green Branches ſhine,
And Purple Grapes diſſolve into immortal Wine.
For Noon-days heat are cloſer Arbours made;
And for freſh Ev'ning Air, the op'ner glade.
Aſcend: And, as we go,
More wonders thou ſhalt know.
Adam. And, as we go, let Earth and Heav'n above
Sound our great Maker's Pow'r, and greater Love.

[*They aſcend to ſoft Muſick, and a Song is ſung.*

The Scene changes; and repreſents above, a Sun Glorioufly riſing, and moving orbicularly: At a diſtance, below, is the Moon; the part next the Sun enlightned, the other dark. A black Cloud comes whirling from the adverſe part of the Heavens, bearing Lucifer *in it; at his nearer approach, the Body of the Sun is dark'ned.*

Lucif. Am I become ſo monſtrous? So diſfigur'd,
That Nature cannot ſuffer my Approach;
Or look me in the Face? But ſtands aghaſt;
And that fair Light which gilds this new-made Orb,

Shorn of his Beams, ſhrinks in! accurſt Ambition!
And thou, black Empire of the nether World,
How dearly have I bought you! but 'tis paſt:
I have already gone too far to ſtop,
And muſt puſh on my dire Revenge, in ruin
Of this gay Frame, and Man may up-ſtart Rival;
In ſcorn of me created. Down my Pride,
And all my ſwelling thoughts; I muſt forget,
A while, I am a Devil, and put on
A ſmooth, ſubmiſſive Face; elſe I, in vain
Have paſt through Night and Chaos, to diſcover
Thoſe envy'd Skies again, which I have loſt.
But ſtay; far off, I ſee a Chariot driv'n,
Flaming with Beams, and in it *Uriel*,
One of the Seven; (I know his hated Face)
Who ſtands in preſence of th' Eternal Throne,
And ſeems the Regent of that glorious Light.

From that part of the Heavens, where the Sun appears, a Chariot is diſcover'd, drawn with White Horſes, and in it Uriel, *the Regent of the Sun. The Chariot moves ſwiftly towards* Lucifer; *and at* Uriel's *approach, the Sun recovers his Light.*

Uriel. Spirit, who art thou? And from whence ariv'd?
(For I remember not thy Face in Heav'n)
Or by Command, or hither led by Choice;
Or wander'ſt thou within this lucid Orb,
And ſtray'd from thoſe fair Fields of Light above,
Amidſt this new Creation want'ſt a Guide,
To reconduct thy Steps?

Lucif. ——————Bright *Uriel*,
Chief of the Seven, thou flaming Miniſter,
Who guard'ſt this new-created Orb of Light,
(The World's Eye that, and thou the Eye of it)
Thy Favour, and high Office, make thee known:
An humble Cherub I, and of leſs Note,
Yet, bold, by thy Permiſſion, hither come,
On high Diſcoveries bent.

Uriel. ——————Speak thy deſign.

Lucif. Urg'd by Renown of what I heard above,
Divulg'd by Angels neareſt Heav'n's high King,
Concerning this new World, I came to view
(If worthy ſuch a Favour) and admire
This laſt effect of our great Maker's Power:
Thence, to my wond'ring Fellows ſhall I turn;
Full fraught with joyful Tydings of theſe Works,

New matter of his Praiſe, and of our Songs.

Uriel. Thy buſineſs is not what deſerves my blame,
Nor thou, thy ſelf, unwelcome; ſee, fair Spirit,
Below yon' Sphere, (of matter not unlike it,)
There hangs the Ball of Earth and Water mixt,
Self-center'd, and unmov'd.

Lucif.——————But where dwells Man?

Uriel. On yonder mount; thou ſeeſt it fenc'd with Rocks,
And round th' Aſcent a Theatre of Trees,
A Sylvan Scene, which riſing by degrees,
Lifts up the Eye below, nor gluts the Sight
With one full proſpect, but invites by many,
To view at laſt the whole: There his abode,
Thither direct thy Flight.

Lucif.——————O bleſt be thou,
Who, to my low Converſe, has lent thy Ear,
And favour'd my requeſt: Hail, and farewel.

[*Flies downwards out of ſight.*

Uriel. Not unobſerv'd thou go'ſt, whoe'er thou art;
Whether ſome Spirit, on holy Purpoſe bent,
Or ſome fall'n Angel, from below broke looſe,
Who com'ſt with envious Eyes, and curſt Intent,
To view this World, and its created Lord:
Here will I watch, and while my Orb rowls on,
Purſue from hence thy much ſuſpected Flight;
And, if diſguis'd, pierce through the Beams of Light.

[*The Chariot drives forward out of ſight.*

The Scene *Paradiſe.*

Trees cut out on each ſide, with ſeveral Fruits upon them: A Fountain in the midſt: At the far end, the Proſpect terminates in Walks.

Adam. If this be dreaming, let me never wake;
But ſtill the Joys of that ſweet Sleep partake,
Methought——but why do I my bliſs delay
By thinking what I thought? Fair Viſion, ſtay;
My better half, thou ſofter part of me,
To whom I yield my boaſted Sov'raignty,
I ſeek my ſelf, and find not, wanting thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Eve.

Eve. Tell me, ye Hills and Dales, and thou fair Sun

Like my ſelf, I ſee nothing; From each Tree
The feather'd Kind peep down, to look on me.
And Beaſts, with up-caſt Eyes, forſake their ſhade,
And gaze, as if I were to be obey'd.
Sure I am ſomewhat which they wiſh to be,
And cannot: I my ſelf am proud of me.
What's here another Firmament below, [*Looks into a Fountain.*
Spread wide, and other Trees that downward grow;
And now a Face peeps up, and now draws near,
With ſmiling Looks, as pleas'd to ſee me here.
As I advance, ſo that advances too,
And ſeems to imitate whate'er I do:
When I begin to ſpeak, the Lips it moves;
Streams down the Voice, as it would ſay it loves.
Yet when I would embrace, it will not ſtay: [*Steps down to embrace.*
Loſt, e're 'tis held; when neareſt, far away.
Ah! Fair, yet falſe; Ah! Being form'd to cheat,
By ſeeming kindneſs, mixt with deep Deceit.

Enter Adam.

Adam. O Virgin! Heav'n begot, and born of Man,
Thou faireſt of thy great Creator's Works;
Thee, Goddeſs, thee th' Eternal did ordain
His ſofter ſubſtitute on Earth to Reign:
And whereſoe'er thy happy Foot-ſteps tread,
Nature in Triumph after thee is led:
Angels with pleaſure view thy matchleſs Grace,
And love their Maker's Image in thy Face.

Eve. O! only like my ſelf, (for nothing here
So graceful, ſo Majeſtick does appear:)
Art thou the Form my longing Eyes did ſee,
Loos'd from thy Fountain and come out to me?
Yet, ſure thou art not; nor thy Face the ſame;
Nor thy Limbs moulded in ſo ſoft a frame:
Thou look'ſt more ſternly, doſt more ſtrongly move;
And of Awe thou bear'ſt, and leſs of Love.
Yet pleas'd I hear thee, and above the reſt,
I, next my ſelf, admire, and love thee beſt.

Adam. Made to command, thus freely I obey,
And at thy Feet the whole Creation lay.
Pity that Love thy Beauty does beget:
What more I ſhall deſire, I know not yet.
Firſt let us lock'd in thoſe Embraces be;
Thence I, perhaps, may teach my ſelf and thee.

Eve. Somewhat forbids me, which I cannot name;
For ignorant of Guilt, I fear not Shame:
But some restraining Thought, I know not why,
Tells me you long should beg, I long deny.
Adam. In vain! my Right to thee is seal'd above;
Look round, and see where thou canst place thy Love.
All Creatures else are much unworthy Thee;
They match'd, and thou alone art left for Me.
If not to Love, we both were made in vain:
I my new Empire would resine again;
And change, with my dumb Slaves, my nobler Mind,
Who, void of Reason, more of Pleasure find.
Methinks, for me they beg: each silently
Demands thy Grace, and seems to watch thine Eye.
Eve. I well foresee, whene'er thy Suit I grant,
That I my much-lov'd Sovereignty shall want:
Or like my self some other may be made,
And her new Beauty may thy Heart invade.
Adam. Cou'd Heav'n some greater Master-piece devise,
Set out with all the Glories of the Skies,
That Beauty yet in vain he should decree,
Unless he made another Heart for me.
Eve. With how much ease I, whom I love, believe!
Giving my self, my want of Worth I grieve.
Here, my inviolable Faith I plight,
So, Thou be my Defence, I thy Delight. [*Exeunt, he leading her.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Paradise.*

Lucifer. FAir Place! yet what is this to Heav'n, where I
Sate next, so almost equall'd the Most High;
I doubted, measuring both, who was more strong:
Then, willing to forget time since so long,
Scarce thought I was created; vain desire
Of Empire, in my Thoughts still shot me higher,
To mount above his sacred Head: Ah why,
When he so kind, was so ungrateful I?
He bounteously bestow'd unenvy'd Good
On me; in arbitrary Grace I stood:
T' acknowledge this, was all he did exact;
Small Tribute, where the Will to pay was Act.

I mourn it now, unable to repent,
As He, who knows my Hatred to relent,
Jealous of Pow'r once queſtion'd: Hope, farewel;
And with Hope, Fear; no Depth below my Hell
Can be prepar'd: Then, Ill, be thou my Good;
And vaſt Deſtruction, be my Envy's Food.
Thus I, with Heav'n, divided Empire gain;
Seducing Man, I make his Project vain,
And in one Hour deſtroy his Six Days Pain.
They come again; I muſt retire.

Enter Adam *and* Eve.

Adam. Thus ſhall we live in perfect Bliſs, and ſee,
Deathleſs our Selves, our num'rous Progeny.
Thou young and beautious, my Deſires to bleſs;
I, ſtill deſiring, what I ſtill poſſeſs.
Eve. Heav'n, from whence Love (our greateſt Bleſſing) came,
Can give no more, but ſtill to be the ſame.
Thou more of Pleaſure may'ſt with me partake;
I, more of Pride, becauſe thy Bliſs I make.
Adam. When to my Arms thou brought'ſt thy Virgin-Love
Fare Angels ſung our Bridal Hymn above:
Th' Eternal nodding ſhook the Firmament,
And conſcious Nature gave her glad Conſent.
Roſes unbud, and ev'ry fragrant Flow'r,
Flew from their Stalks, to ſtrow thy Nuptial Bow'r:
The furr'd and feather'd Kind, the Triumph did purſue,
And Fiſhes leapt above the Streams, the paſſing Pomp to view.
Eve. When your kind Eyes look'd languiſhing on mine,
And wreathing Arms did ſoft Embraces join,
A doubtful trembling ſeiz'd me firſt all o'er;
Then, Wiſhes; and a Warmth, unknown before:
What follow'd, was all Ecſtaſie and Trance;
Immortal Pleaſures round my ſwimming Eyes did dance,
And Speechleſs Joys, in whoſe ſweet Tumult toſt,
I thought my Breath, and my new Being loſt.
Lucif. O Death to hear! and a worſe Hell on Earth: [*Aſide.*
What mad Profuſion on this Cold-born Birth!
Abyſs of Joys, as if Heav'n meant to ſhew
What in baſe Matters, ſuch a Hand could do:
Or was his Virtue ſpent, and he no more
With Angels could ſupply th' exhauſted Store,
Of which I ſwept the Sky?——
And wanting Subjects to his haughty Will,
On this mean Work employ'd his trifling Skill.

Eve. Blest in our selves, all Pleasures else abound;
Without our Care, behold th'unlabour'd Ground,
Bounteous of Fruit, above our shady Bow'rs
The creeping *Jessamin* thrusts her fragrant Flow'rs,
The *Myrtle*, *Orange*, and the blushing *Rose*
With bending Heaps so nigh their Blooms disclose,
Each seems too smell the Flavour which the other blows:
By these the *Peach*, the *Guava*, and the *Pine*,
And creeping 'twixt 'em all, the mant'ling *Vine*,
Does round their Trunks her purple Clusters twine.

Adam. All these are ours, all Nature's Excellence,
Whose taste and smell can bless the feasted Sense:
One only Fruit, in the mid-Garden plac'd,
The Tree of Knowledge, is deny'd our Taste;
(Our Proof of Duty to our Maker's Will:)
Of Disobedience Death's the threatned Ill.

Eve. Death is some harm, which tho' we know not, yet,
Since threatned, we must needs imagine great:
And sure he merits it, who disobeys
That one Command, and one of so much ease.

Lucif. Must they then die, if they attempt to know,
He sees they would rebel, and keeps them low.
On this Foundation I their Ruin lay;
Hope to know more, shall tempt to disobey.
I fell by this, and since their Strength is less,
Why should not equal Means give like Success?

Adam. Come, my fair Love, our Morning Task we lose;
Some Labour, ev'n the easiest Life would chuse:
Ours is not great; The dangling Boughs to creep,
Whose too luxuriant Growth our Alloys stop,
And choak the Paths: This our Delight requires,
And Heav'n no more of daily Work desires.

Eve. With thee to live is Paradise alone;
Without the Pleasure of thy Sight is none.
I fear small progress will be made this day,
So much our Kisses will our Task delay. [*Exeunt.*

Lucif. Why have not I, like these, a Body too
Form'd for the same Delights which they pursue?
I could (so variously my Passions move)
Enjoy and blast her in the Act of Love.
Unwillingly I hate such Excellence;
She wrong'd me not; but I revenge the Offence,
Through her, on Heav'n, whose Thunder took away
My Birthright Skies! Live happy while you may,
Blest Pair, y'are not allow'd another day! [*Exit.*

Gabriel *and* Ithuriel *deſcend, carried on bright Clouds; and flying croſs each other, then light on the Ground.*

Gabriel. *Ithuriel*, ſince we two commiſſion'd are
From Heav'n the Guardians of the new made Pair,
Each mind his Charge; for, ſee, the Night draws on,
And riſing Miſts purſue the ſetting Sun.
Ithuriel. Bleſt is our Lot to ſerve; our Task we know:
To watch, leſt any from th' Abyſs below
Broke looſe, diſturb their Sleep with Dreams; or worſe,
Aſſault their Beings with ſuperior Force.
[Uriel *flies down from the Sun.*
Uriel. *Gabriel*, if now the Watch be ſet, prepare,
With ſtricteſt Guard, to ſhow thy utmoſt Care.
This Morning came a Spirit, fair he ſeem'd,
Whom, by his Face, I ſome young *Cherub* deem'd;
Of Man he much enquir'd, and where his Place,
With ſhews of Zeal to praiſe his Maker's Grace;
But I, with watchful Eyes, obſerv'd his Flight,
And ſaw him on yon' ſteepy Mount alight;
There, as he thought, unſeen, he laid aſide
His borrow'd Mask, and re-aſſum'd his Pride:
I mark'd his Looks, averſe to Heav'n and Good;
Dusky he grew, and long revolving ſtood
On ſome deep, dark Deſign; thence ſhot with haſte,
And o'er the Mounts of Paradiſe he paſt:
By his proud Port he ſeem'd the Prince of Hell;
And here he lurks in Shades till Night: Search well
Each Grove and Thicket, pry in every Shape,
Leſt, hid in ſome, th' Arch-Hypocrite eſcape.
Gabriel. If any Spirit come t'invade or ſcout
From Hell, what Earthly Fence can keep him out?
But reſt ſecure of this; he ſhall be found,
And taken, or proſcrib'd this happy Ground.
Ithuriel. Thou to the Eaſt, I Weſtward walk the round,
And meet me in the midſt. *(Uriel.)* Heav'n your Deſign
Succeed: Your Charge requires you, and me mine.
[Uriel *flies forward out of ſight.*
The two Angels Exeunt *ſeverally.*

A Night-Piece of a pleaſant Bower: Adam *and* Eve *aſleep in it.*
Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. So, now they lie, ſecure in Love, and ſleep
Their fated Senſes in full Draughts of Sleep.

By what ſure means can I their Bliſs invade?
By Violence? No, for they're immortal made;
Their Reaſon ſleeps, but Mimick Fancy wakes;
Supplies her parts, and wild Idea's takes
From Words and Things ill-ſorted and mis-joyn'd;
The Anarchy of thought and Chaos of the Mind:
Hence Dreams confus'd and various may ariſe;
Theſe will I ſet before the Woman's Eyes;
The weaker ſhe, and made my eaſier Prey;
Vain Shows and Pomp the ſofter Sex betray.

[Lucifer *ſits down by* Eve, *and ſeems to whiſper in her Ear.*

A Viſion, where a Tree riſes loaden with Fruit; four Spirits riſe with it, and draw a Canopy out of the Tree; other Spirits dance about the Tree in deform'd ſhapes; after the Dance, an Angel enters with a Woman habited like Eve.

Angel ſinging:

Look up, look up, and ſee
What Heav'n prepares for thee;
Look up, and this fair Fruit behold,
Ruddy it ſmiles, and rich with ſtreaks of Gold.
The loaden Branches downward bend,
Willing they ſtoop, and thy fair Hand attend.
Fair Mother of Mankind, make haſte,
And bleſs, and bleſs, thy Senſes with the taſte.

Woman. *No; 'tis forbidden, I*
In taſting it ſhall die.

Angel. *Say, who enjoyn'd this harſh Command?*

Woman. *'Twas Heav'n, and who can Heav'n withſtand?*

Angel. *Why was it made ſo Fair; why plac'd in ſight?*
Heav'n is too good to envy Man's Delight.
See, we before thy Face will try
What thou ſo fear'ſt, and will not die.

[*The Angel takes the Fruit, and gives to the Spirits who danc'd; they immediately put off their deform'd ſhapes, and appear Angels.*

Angels, ſinging. *Behold what a Change on a ſudden is here!*
How glorious in Beauty, how bright they appear!
From Spirits deform'd they are Deities made,
Their Pinions at Pleaſure the Clouds can invade.

[The Angel gives to the Woman, who Eats.

'Till equal in Honour they riſe
With Him who commands in the Skies:
Then taſte without Fear, and be happy and wiſe.

Woman. *Ah! now I believe; such a Pleasure I find,*
Enlightens my Eyes, and enlivens my Mind.
The Spirits who are turn'd Angels,
fly up when they have tasted.
I only repent
I defer'd my Content.

Angel. *Now wiser Experience has taught you to prove,*
What a Folly it is,
Out of Fear to shun Bliss.
To the Joy that's forbidden no Caution may move,
It enhances the Price, and encreases the Love.

Chorus of Both. *To the Joy, &c.*

Two Angels descend; they take the Woman each by the Hand, and fly up with her out of sight. The Angel who sung, and the Spirits who held the Canopy, at the same instant sink down with the Tree.

Enter Gabriel *and* Ithuriel *to* Lucifer, *who remains.*

Gabriel. What art thou? speak; thy Name, and thy Intent.
Why here alone? and on what errand sent?
Not from above? No, thy wan Looks betray
Diminish'd Light, and Eyes unus'd to day.

Lucifer. Not to know me, argues thy self unknown:
Time was, when shining next th' Imperial Throne,
I sat in awful State, while such as thou
Did, in th'ignoble Crowd, at distance bow.

Gabriel. Think'st thou, vain Spirit, thy Glories are the same?
And seest not Sin obscures thy God-like Frame?
I know the now by thy ungrateful Pride;
That shows me what thy faded Looks did hide.
Traytor to Him who made, and set thee high;
And Fool, that Pow'r which form'd thee to defie.

Lucifer. Go, Slaves, return, and fawn in Heav'n again;
Seek thanks from him, whose Quarrel you maintain.
Vile Wretches! of your Servitude to boast:
You basely keep the Place I bravely lost.

Ithuriel. Freedom is choice of what we will and do:
Then blame not Servants who are freely so.
'Tis base not to acknowledge what we owe.

Lucifer. Thanks, howe'er due, proclaim Subjection yet;
I fought for Power to quit th'upbraided Debt.
Whoe'er expects our Thanks, himself repays;
And seems but little, who can want our Praise.

Gabriel. What in us Duty, shows not want in Him:
Blest in Himself alone.——————
To whom no Praise we, by good Deeds can add;
Nor can his Glory suffer from our bad.

Made for his Use; yet He has form'd us so,
We, unconstrain'd, what he commands us, do,
So praise we Him, and serve Him freely best:
Thus thou, by choice, art fall'n, and we are blest.

Ithuriel. This, lest thou think thy Plea, unanswer'd, good,
Our Question thou evad'st: How didst thou dare
To break Hell Bounds, and near this Human Pair
In nightly ambush lie?

Lucifer. Lives there, who would not seek to force his way
From Pain to Ease, from Darkness to the Day?
Should I, who found the means t'escape, not dare
To change my sulph'rous Smoke, for uppes Air?
When I in fight sustain'd your Thunderer,
And Heav'n on me alone spent half his War,
Think'st thou those Wounds were light? Should I not seek
The Clemency of some more temp'rate Clime
To purge my Gloom, and by the Sun refin'd,
Bask in his Beams, and bleach me in the Wine?

Gabriel. If Pain to shun be all thy Business here,
Methinks thy Fellows the same course should steer.
Is their Pain less, who yet behind thee stay?
Or thou less hardy to endure than they?

Lucifer. Nor one, nor t'other; but as Leaders ought,
I ventur'd first alone; first Danger sought:
And first explor'd this new created Frame;
Which fill'd our dusky Regions with its Fame:
In hopes my fainting Troops to settle here,
And to defend against your Thunderer
This spot of Earth, or nearer Heav'n repair,
And forrage to his Gates from middle Air.

Ithuriel. Fool! To believe thou any part canst gain
From Him, who couldst not thy first Ground maintain.

Gabriel. But whether that Design, or one as vain,
T'attempt the Lives of these, first drew thee here;
Avoid the Place, and never more appear
Upon this Hallow'd Earth, else prove our Might.

Lucifer. Not that I fear do I decline the Fight:
You I disdain; let me with Him contend,
On whom your limitary Powers depend.
More Honour from the Sender than the Sent;
Till then, I have accomplish'd my Intent;
And leave this Place, which but augments my Pain.
Gazing to wish, yet hopeless to obtain. [*Exit.*

[*They following him.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Paradise.*

Adam *and* Eve.

Adam. STrange was your Dream, and full of sad Portent;
Avert it Heav'n, (if it from Heav'n were sent;)
Let on thy Foes the dire Presages fall;
To us be good and easie when we call.

Eve. Behold from far a breaking Cloud appears,
Which, in it, many winged Warriors bears,
Their Glory shoots upon my aking Sense;
Thou stronger may'st endure the Flood of Light;
And while in Shades I clear my fainting Sight,
Encounter the descending Excellence. [*Exit.*

The Cloud descends with six Angels in it; and when 'tis near the Ground, breaks; and on each side, discovers six more. They descend out of the Cloud. Raphael *and* Gabriel *discourse with* Adam, *the rest stand at distance.*

Raph. First of Mankind, That we from Heav'n are sent,
K from Heaven's Care thy Ruin to prevent
Th'Apostate Angel has, by night, been here,
And whisper'd through thy sleeping Consort's Ear
Delusive Dreams; thus warn'd by us, beware;
And guide her Frailty by thy timely Care.

Gabriel. These, as thy Guards from outward Harms, are sent.
Ills from within, thy Reason must prevent.

Adam. Natives of Heav'n, who in Compassion deign,
To want that Place where Joys immortal reign,
In care of me; what Praises can I pay,
Defended in Obedience, taught t'obey?

Raph. Praise him alone, who, God-like form'd thee free,
With Will unbounded as a Deity?
Who gave thee Reason, as thy Aid, to chuse
Apparent Good, and Evil to refuse,
Obedience is that Good: This Heav'n exacts;
And Heav'n, all Just, from Man requires not Acts
Which Man wants Pow'r to do: Pow'r then is giv'n
Of dooing good; but not compell'd by Heav'n.

Gabriel. Made Good; that thou dost to thy Maker owe
But to thy self if thou continv'st so.

Adam. Freedom of Will, of all good things is best;
But can it be by finite Man possest;
I know not how Heav'n can communicate
What equals Man to his Creator's State.

Raphael. Heav'n cannot give his boundless Pow'r away;
But boundless Liberty of Choice he may.
So Orbs, from the first Mover, Motion take;
Yet each their proper Revolutions make.

Adam. Grant Heav'n should once have giv'n us liberty;
Are we not bound, now, by firm Decree,
Since what so'er is pre-ordain'd, must be?
Else Heav'n, for Man, Events might pre-ordain,
And Man's Free-will might make those Orders vain.

Gabriel. Th' Eternal, when he did the World create,
All other Agents did necessitate:
So, what he order'd, they, by Nature, do;
Thus light things mount, and heavy downward go.
Man only boasts an arbitrary State.

Adam. Yet Causes their Effects necessitate
In willing Agents; Where is Freedom then?
Or, who can break the Chain which limites Men,
To act what is unchangeably forecast,
Since the first Cause gives motion to the last?

Raphael. Heav'n, by fore-knowing what will surely be,
Does only, first, Effects in Causes see;
And finds, but does not make Necessity.
Creation is of Pow'r, and Will th' Effect,
Fore-knowledge only of his Intellect;
His Prescience makes not, but supposes things;
Infers Necessity to be; not brings.
Thus thou art not constrain'd to Good or Ill:
Causes which work th' Effect, force not the Will.

Adam. The Force unseen, and distant, I confess;
But the long Chain makes not the Bondage less.
Ev'n Man himself may to himself seem free,
And think that Choice which is Necessity.

Gabriel. And who but Man should judge of Man's free State?

Adam. I find that I can chuse to love or hate;
Obey, or disobey; do good, or ill;
Yet such a Choice is but Consent, not Will.
I can but chuse what he his first design'd.
For he, before that Choice, my Will confin'd.

Gabriel. Such impious Fancies, where they entrance gain,
Made Heav'n, all pure, thy Crimes to pre-ordain.

Adam. Far, far from me be banish'd such a Thought;
I argue only to be better taught.

Can there be Freedom, when what now seems free
Was founded on some first Necessity?
For whate're Cause can move the Will t' elect,
Must be sufficient to produce th' Effect;
And what's sufficient, must effectual be:
Then how is Man, thus forc'd by Causes, free?

Raph. Sufficient Causes only work th' Effect,
When necessary Agents they respect.
Such is not Man; who tho' the Cause suffice,
Yet often he his free Assent denies.

Adam. What causes not, is not sufficient still.

Gabriel. Sufficient in it self; not in thy Will.

Raph. When we see Causes join'd t' Effects at last,
The Chain but shews Necessity that's past.
That what's done, is; (ridiculous proof of Fate!)
Tell me which part it does necessitate;
I'll chuse the other; there I'll link th' Effect.
O Chain, which Fools, to catch themselves, project!

Adam. Tho' no Constraint from Heaven, or Causes be,
Heav'n may prevent that Ill He does foresee:
And, not preventing, tho' he does not cause,
He seems to will that Man should break his Laws.

Gabriel. Heav'n may permit, but not to Ill consent:
For hind'ring Ill, he would all Choice prevent.
'Twere to unmake, to take away the Will.

Adam. Better constrain'd to Good, than free to Ill.

Raph. But what Reward or Punishment cou'd be,
If Man to neither Good nor Ill were free?
Th' Eternal Justice could decree no Pain
To him whose Sins it self did first ordain;
And Good compell'd, could no Reward exact:
His Pow'r would shine in Goodness, not thy Act.
Our Task is done; Obey, and in that Choice,
Thou shalt be blest, and Angels shall rejoice.

[Raphael *and* Gabriel *fly up in the Cloud; the other Angels go off.*

Adam. Hard State of Life! Since Heav'n fore-knows my Will,
Why am I not ty'd up from doing Ill?
Why am I trusted with my self at large,
When he's more able to sustain the Charge?
Since Angels fell, whose Strength was more than mine,
'Twould show more Grace my frailty to confine.
Fore-knowing the Success, to leave me free,
Excuses him, and yet supports not me. *To him,* Eve.

Eve. Behold, my Heart's dear Lord, how high the Sun
Is mounted, yet our Labour not begun.

The

The Ground, unbid, gives more than we can ask;
But Work is Pleasure when we chuse our Task.
Nature, not bounteous now, but as she grows,
Out Paths with Flow'rs she prodigal strows,
With Pain we lift up our intangled Feet,
While cross our Walks the shooting Branches meet.

Adam. Well has thy Care advis'd, 'tis fit we haste;
Nature's too kind, and follows us too fast,
Leaves us no room her Treasures to possess,
But mocks our Industry with her Excess;
And wildly wanton, wears by night away
The sign of all our Labours done by day.

Eve. Since then the Work is great, the Hands so few,
This Day let each a sev'ral Task pursue.
By thee, my Hands to Labour will not move,
But round thy Neck employ themselves in love.
When thou wouldst work, one tender Touch, one Smile
(How can I hold?) will all thy Task beguile.

Adam. So hard we are not to our Labour tyed,
That Smiles and soft Embarments are denyed.
Smiles, not allow'd to Beasts, from Reason move,
And are the Privilege of Human Love.
And if, sometimes, each others Eyes we meet,
Those little Vacancies from Toil are sweet;
But you, by absence, would refresh your Joys,
Because, perhaps, my Conversation cloys.
Yet this, would Prudence grant, I could permit.

Eve. What Reason makes my small Request unfit?

Adam. The fall'n *Archangel*, envious of our State,
Pursues our Being with Immortal Hate,
And hopeless to prevail by open Force,
Seeks hid Advantage to betray us worse.
Which, when asunder, will not prove so hard;
For both together are each others Guard.

Eve. Since he, by Force, is hopeless to pervail,
He can by Fraud alone our Minds assail:
And to believe his Wiles my Truth can shake,
Is to misdoubt my Reason or my Love.

Adam. Call it my Care, and not Mistrust of thee;
Yet thou art weak, and subtle Arts is he;
Else how could he that Host seduce to Sin?
Whose Fall hath left the Heavenly Nation thin.

Eve. I grant him arm'd with Subtlety and Hate;
But why should we suspect our happy State?
Is our Perfection of so frail a make,
As ev'ry Plot can undermine and shake?

Think better both of Heav'n, thy self, and me;
Who always fears, at ease can never be.
Poor state of Bliss, where so much Care is shown,
As not to dare to trust our selves alone!

Adam. Such is our State, as not exempt from Fall,
Yet firm, if Reason to our Aid we call:
And that, in both, is stronger than in one,
I would not, why wouldst thou, then, be alone?

Eve. Because, thus warn'd, I know my self secure,
And long my little Trial to endure,
T' approve my Faith, thy needless Fears remove;
Gain thy Esteem, and so deserve thy Love.
If all this shake not thy obdurate Will,
Know that ev'n present, I am absent still:
And then what Pleasure hop'st thou in my stay,
When I'm constrain'd, and with my self away.

Adam. Constraint does ill with Love and Beauty suite;
I would perswade, but not be absolute.
Better be much remiss than too severe,
If pleas'd in absence, thou wilt still be here:
Go, in thy Native Innocence proceed,
And summon all thy Reason at thy Need.

Eve. My Soul, my Eyes Delight; in this I find
Thou lov'st, because to love is to be kind. [*Embracing him.*
Seeking my Trial, I am still on guard:
Trials less sought, would find us less prepar'd.
Our Foe's too proud the weaker to assail,
Or doubles his Dishonour if he fail.

Adam. In Love, what use of Prudence can there be?
More perfect I, and yet more pow'rful She.
Blame me not, Heav'n, if thou Love's Pow'r hast try'd,
What could be so unjust to be deny'd?
One Look of hers my Resolution breaks,
Reason it self turns Folly when she speaks,
And aw'd by her, whom it was made to sway,
Flatters her Pow'r, and does its own betray.

The Middle Part of the Garden is represented, where four Rivers meet; on the right side of the Scene, is plac'd the Tree of Life; on the left, the Tree of Knowledge.

Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. Methinks the Beauties of this Place should mourn
Th' immortal Fruits and Flowers, at my return,
Should hang their wither'd Heads, for fear my Breath

Enough to blaft the whole Creation's Frame!
Swoln with Deſpite, with Sorrow, and with Shame,
Thrice have I beat the Wing, and rid with Night
About the World, behind the Globe of Light,
To ſhun the watch of Heav'n; ſuch Care I uſe
(What Pains would Malice, rais'd like mine, refuſe?
Not the moſt abject Form of Brutes to take.)
Hid in the ſpiry Volumes of the Snake,
I lurk'd within the Covert of a Brake;
Not yet deſcry'd. But, ſee, the Woman here
Alone! Beyond my Hopes! no Guardian near;
Good Omen that! I muſt retire unſeen,
And, with my borrow'd Shape, the Work begin. [*Retires.*

Enter Eve.

Eve. Thus far, at leaſt, with leave; nor can it be
A Sin to look on this Celeſtial Tree:
I would not more; to touch, a Crime may prove:
Touching is a remoter Taſte in Love.
Death may be there, or Poiſon in the Smell,
(If Death in any thing ſo fair can dwell:)
But Heav'n forbids, I could be ſatisfy'd,
Were every Tree but this, but this, deny'd.

A Serpent enters on the Stage, and makes directly to the Tree of Knowledge; on which winding himſelf, he plucks an Apple; then deſcends, and carries it away.

Strange Sight! Did then our great Creator grant
That Privilege, which we their Maſters want,
To theſe inferior Beings? Or was it Chance?
And was he bleſt with bolder Ignorance?
I ſaw his curling Creſt the Trunk infold;
The ruddy Fruit diſtinguiſh'd o're with Gold,
And ſmiling in its Native Wealth, was torn
From the rich Bough, and then in Triumph born:
The vent'rous Victor march'd unpuniſh'd hence,
And ſeem'd to boaſt his fortunate Offence.

To her Lucifer *in a Human Shape.*

Lucifer. Hail, Sovereign of this Orb! form'd to poſſeſs
The World; and, with one Look, all Nature bleſs.
Nature is thine; Thou, Empreſs, doſt beſtow
On Fruits, to bloſſom; and on Flowers, to blow.
They happy, yet inſenſible to boaſt
Their Bliſs: More happy they who know the moſt

Then happiest I, to Human Reason rais'd,
And Voice, with whose first Accents thou art prais'd.
Eve. What art thou? Or from whence? For on this Ground,
Beside my Lord's, ne'er heard I Human Sound.
Art thou some other *Adam* form'd from Earth,
And com'st to claim an equal Share, by Birth,
In this fair Field? Or spring of Heav'nly Race?
Lucifer. An humble Native of this happy Place,
Thy Vassal born, and late of lowest Kind,
Who Heaven neglecting made, and scarce design'd,
But threw me in, for number, to the rest,
Below the mounting Bird, and grazing Beast;
By Chance, not Prudence, now Superiour grown.
Eve. To make thee such, what Miracle was shown?
Lucifer. Who would not tell what thou vouchsaf'st to hear?
Saw'st thou not late a speckled Serpent rear
His gilded Spires to climb on you' fair Tree?
Before this happy minute I was he.
Eve. Thou speak'st of Wonders: Make thy Story plain.
Lucifer. Not wishing then, and thoughtless to obtain
So great a Bliss: but led by Sense of Good,
In-born to all, I sought my needful Food:
Then, on that Heav'nly Tree my Sight I cast;
The Colour urg'd my Eye, the Scent my Taste.
Not to detain thee long, I took, did eat:
Scarce had my Palate touch'd th' Immortal Meat,
But on a sudden turn'd to what I am,
God-like, and next to thee, I fair became:
Thought, spake, and reason'd; and, by Reason found
Thee, Nature's Queen, with all her Graces crown'd.
Eve. Happy thy Lot; but far unlike is mine:
Forbid to eat, not daring to repine.
'Twas Heav'n's Command, and should we disobey,
What rais'd thy Being, ours must take away.
Lucifer. Sure you mistake the Precept, or the Tree:
Heav'n cannot envious of his Blessings be.
Some chance-born Plant he might forbid your Use,
As wild, or guilty of a deadly Juice:
Not this, whose Colour, Scent Divine, and Taste,
Proclaim the thoughtful Maker not in haste.
Eve. By all these signs too well I know the Fruit,
And dread a pow'r severe and absolute.
Lucifer. Severe indeed, ev'n to Injustice hard,
If Death, for knowing more, be your Reward:
Knowledge of Good, is good; and therefore fit;
And to know Ill, is good, for shunning it.

Eve. What, but our Good, could he design in this,
Who gave us all, and plac'd in perfect Bliss?
Lucifer. Excuse my Zeal, fair Sovereign in your Cause,
Which dares to tax his arbitrary Laws:
'Tis all his aim to keep you blindly low,
That servile Fear from Ignorance may flow;
We scorn to worship whom too well we know.
He knows that eating, you shall God-like be;
As wise, as fit to be ador'd as he.
For his own Int'rest he this Law has giv'n;
Such Beauty may raise Factions in his Heav'n.
By awing you, he does Possession keep,
And is too wise to hazard Partnership.
Eve, Alas, who dares dispute with him that Right?
The Power which form'd us must be infinite.
Lucifer. Who told you how your Form was first design'd?
The Sun and Earth produce of ev'ry Kind;
Grass, Flow'rs and Fruits; nay, living Creatures too:
Their Mould was base; 'twas more refin'd in you;
Where Vital Heat in purer Organs wrought,
Produc'd a nobler Kind, rais'd up to Thought;
And that, perhaps, might his Beginning be:
Something was first, I question if 'twere He.
But grant him first, yet still suppose him Good,
Not Envying those he made, immortal Food.
Eve. But Death our Disobedience must pursue.
Lucifer. Behold in me, what shall arrive to you;
I tasted, yet I live; nay, more, have got
A State more perfect than my Native Lot,
Nor fear this pretty Fault his Wrath should raise;
Heav'n rather will your dauntless Virtue praise,
That sought, through threatned Death, immortal Good:
Gods are immortal only by their Food.
Taste and remove
What difference does 'twixt them and you remain:
As I gain'd Reason, you shall Godhead gain.
Eve. aside.] He eats and lives in Knowledge greater grown:
Was Death invented then for us alone?
Is Intellectual Food to Man deny'd,
Which Bruits have, with so much advantage, try'd?
Not only try'd themselves, but, frankly, more,
To me have offer'd their unenvy'd Store.
Lucifer. Be bold, and all your needless Doubts remove:
View well this Tree, (the Queen of all the Grove)
How vast her Bole, how wide her Arms are spread,
How high above the rest she shoots her Head,

Plac'd in the midst! Wou'd Heav'n his Works disgrace,
By planting Poyson in the happiest Place!
Haste; you lose time, and Godhead, by delay. [*Plucking the Fruit.*
Eve. looking about her.] 'Tis done; I'll venture all, and disobey.
Perhaps, far hid in Heav'n, he does not spy;
And none of all his Hymning Guards are nigh.
To my dear Lord the lovely Fruit I'll bear;
He, to partake my Bliss, my Crime shall share. [*Exit hastily.*
Lucifer. She flew, and thank'd me not, for haste; 'twas hard
With no return such Counsel to reward.
My Work is done, or much the greater part;
Sh's now the Tempter to ensnare his Heart.
He, whose firm Faith no Reason could remove,
Will melt before that soft Seducer, Love. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Paradise.*

Eve, *with a Bough in her Hand.*

Eve. MEthinks I tread more lightly on the Ground;
My nimble Feet from unhurt Flow'rs rebound:
I walk in Air, and scorn this Earthly Seat;
Heav'n is my Palace, this my base Retreat.
Take me not, Heav'n, too soon, 'twill be unkind
To leave the Partner of my Bed behind.
I love the Wretch: But stay, shall I afford
Him part? already he's too much my Lord.
'Tis in my Pow'r to be a Sovereign now,
And, knowing more, to make his Manhood bow.
Empire is sweet; but how if Heav'n has spy'd?
If I should die, and he above provide
Some other *Eve*, and place her in my stead,
Shall she possess his Love, when I am dead?
No; he shall eat and die with me, or live:
Our equal Crimes shall equal Fortune give.

Enter Adam.

Adam. What Joy, without your Sight, hath Earth in store?
While you were absent, *Eden* was no more.

Winds

Winds murmur'd through the Leaves, your long delay;
And Fountains o'er their Pebbles chid your stay.
But with your Presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn,
And Walks were fresher Green, at your Return.

Eve. Henceforth you never shall have cause to chide,
No future Absence shall our Joys divide:
'Twas a strange Death, my Love ne'er try'd before,
And therefore strange; but yet the Cause was more.

Adam. My trembling Heart fore-bodes some Ill: I fear
To ask that Cause which I desire to hear.
What means that lovely Fruit? what means (alas!)
That Blood, which flushes guilty in your Face?
Speak——do not——yet, at last I must be told

Eve. Have Courage then; 'tis Manly to be bold
This Fruit——why shouldst thou shake? no Death is nigh;
'Tis what I tasted first, yet do not die.

Adam. Is it?——(I dare not ask it all at first;
Doubt is some ease to those who fear the worst:)
Say, 'Tis not.

Eve. ——'Tis not what thou need'st to fear;
What danger does in this fair Fruit appear?
We have been cozen'd, and had still been so,
Had I not venter'd boldly first to know.
Yet not I first, I almost blush to say,
The Serpent eating taught me first the way.
The Serpent tasted, and the God-like Fruit
Gave the Dumb Voice, gave Reason to the Bruit.

Adam. O fairest of all Creatures, last and best
Of what Heav'n made, how art thou dispossest
Of all thy Native Glories! fall'n! decay'd!
(Pity so rare a Frame so frail was made!)
Now cause of thine own Ruin! and with thine,
(Ah! who can live without thee!) cause of mine.

Eve. Reserve thy Pity 'till I want it more:
I know my self much happier than before;
More wise, more perfect, all I wish to be,
Were I but sure, alas! of pleasing thee.

Adam. Y' have shown how much you my Content design:
Yet, ah! would Heav'ns Displeasure pass like mine.
Must I without you, then, in wild Woods dwell?
Think, and but think of what I lov'd so well:
Condemn'd to live with Subjects ever mute;
A salvage Prince unpleas'd, tho' absolute.

Eve. Please then your self with me, and freely taste,
Least I, without you, should to Godhead haste;
Lest diff'ring in degree you claim too late
Unequal Love, when 'tis done'd by Fate.

Adam. Cheat not your self with Dreams of Deity;
Too well, but yet too late, your Crime I see:
Nor think the Fruit your Knowledge does improve;
But you have Beauty still, and I have Love.
Not cozen'd, I with choice my Life resign:
Imprudence was your Fault, but Love is mine,

[*Takes the Fruit, and eats it.*

Eve embracing him.] O wond'rous pow'r of matchless Love expreſt!
Why was this Trial thine of loving beſt?
I envy thee that Lot; and, could it be,
Would venture ſomething more than Death for thee;
Not that I fear that Death th' Event can prove;
W'are both Immortal, while ſo well we love.

Adam. Whate'er ſhall be th' Event, the Lot is caſt;
Where Appetites are giv'n, what Sin to taſte?
Or if a Sin, 'tis but by Precept ſuch:
Th' Offence ſo ſmall, the Puniſhment's too much.
To ſeek ſo ſoon his new-made World's decay:
Nor we, nor that, were faſhion'd for a day.

Eve. Give to the Winds thy fear of Death, or Ill;
And think us made but for each other's will.

Adam. I will, at leaſt, defer that anxious Thought,
And Death, by fear, ſhall not be nigher brought:
If He will come, let Us to Joys make haſte;
Then let him ſeize us when our Pleaſure's paſt.
We'll take up all before; and Death ſhall find
We have drain'd Life, and left a Void behind.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. 'Tis done,
Sick Nature, at that inſtant, trembled round;
And Mother-Earth ſigh'd as ſhe felt the wound.
Of how ſhort durance was this new-made State!
How far more mighty than Heav'n's Love, Hell's Hate!
His Project ruin'd, and his King of Clay:
He form'd an Empire for his Foe to ſway.
Heav'n let him rule, which by his Arms he got;
I'm pleas'd to have obtain'd the ſecond Lot.
This Earth is mine; whoſe Lord I made my Thrall,
Annexing to my Crown his conquer'd Ball.
Loos'd from the Lakes my Legions I will lead,
And o'er the dark'ned Air black Banners ſpread:
Contagious Damps, from hence, ſhall mount above,

He hears already, and I heard too soon;
I dread that Engine which secur'd his Throne.
I'll dive below his Wrath, into the Deep, [Sinks down.
And waste that Empire which I cannot keep.

Raphael *and* Gabriel *descend.*

Raphael. As much of Grief as Happiness admits,
In Heav'n, on each Cœlestial Forehead sits:
Kindness for Man, and Pity for his Fate,
May mix with Bliss, and yet not violate.
Their Heavn'ly Harps a lower Strain began,
And in soft Musick mourn'd the Fall of Man.

Gabriel. I saw th'Angelick Guards from Earth ascend,
(Griev'd they must now no longer Man attend:)
The Beams about their Temples dimly shone,
One would have thought the Crime had been their own.
The Etherial People flock'd for News in haste,
Whom they, with down-cast Looks, and scarce saluting, past:
While each did, in his pensive Breast, prepare
A sad Account of their successless Care.

Raphael. Th'Eternal yet, in Majesty severe,
And strictest Justice, did mild Pity bear:
Their Death's deferr'd, and Banishment (their Doom)
In Penitence foreseen, leaves Mercy room.

Gabriel. That Message is thy Charge; mine leads me hence,
Plac'd at the Garden's Gate for its Defence;
Least Man returning, the best Place pollute,
And 'scape from Death, by Life's immortal Fruit.

Another Clap of Thunder. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Adam *and* Eve, *affrighted.*

Adam. In what dark Cavern shall I hide my head,
Where seek retreat, now Innocence is fled?
Safe in that Guard, I durst ev'n Hell defie;
Without it, tremble now, when Heav'n is nigh.

Eve. What shall we do, or where direct our Flight?
Eastward as far as I could cast my Sight,
From op'ning Heav'ns, I saw descending Light:
Its glittering through the Trees I still behold;
The Cedar-tops seem all to burn with Gold.

Adam. Some Shape Divine, whose Beams I cannot bear!
Would I were hid where Light could not appear,
Deep into some thick

And fine'd form Day, by Night's Eternal Skreen;
Unknown to Heav'n, and to my self unseen.
Eve. In vain; what hope to shun his piercing Sight,
Who from dark Chaos struck the Sparks of Light?
Adam. These should have been your thoughts when parting hence,
You trusted to your guideless Innocence.
See now th'Effects of your own wilful Mind:
Guilt walks before us, Death pursues behind.
So fatal 'twas to seek Temptations out:
Most Confidence has still most cause to doubt.
Eve. Such might have been thy Hap, alone assail'd;
And so, together, might we both have fail'd.
Curs'd Vassalage of all my future Kind:
First Idoliz'd, 'till Love's hot Fire be o're,
Then Slaves to those who courted us before.
Adam. I counsell'd you to stay; your Pride refus'd:
By your own Lawless Will you stand accus'd.
Eve. Have you that Privilege of only Wise,
And would you yield to her you so despise?
You should have shown th' Authority you boast,
And Sov'reign-like, my headlong Will have croft.
Counsel was not enough to sway my Heart;
An absolute Restraint had been your part.
Adam. Ev'n such Returns do they deserve to find,
When Force is Lawful, who are fondly kind.
Unlike my Love: for when thy Guilt I knew,
I shar'd the Curse which did that Crime pursue.
Hard Fate of Love! which Rigour did forbear,
And now 'tis tax'd, because 'twas not severe.
Eve. You have, your self, your Kindness over-paid;
He ceases to oblige, who can upbraid.
Adam. On Woman's Virtue, who too much rely,
To boundless Will give boundless Liberty.
Restraint you will not brook; but think it hard
Your Prudence is not trusted as your Guard:
And to your selves so left, if Ill ensues,
You first our weak Indulgence will accuse.
Curst be that Hour——————
When seated with my single Happiness,
I chuse a Partner to controle my Bliss;
Who wants that Reason which her Will should sway,
And knows but just enough to disobey.
Eve. Better with Brutes my humble Lot had gone;
Of Reason void, accountable for none;
Th' unthought-of Creation's Wife.

Her Fellow's Slave; to know, and not to chuse:
Curst with that Reason she must never use.
Adam. Add, that's She's proud, fantastick, apt to change;
Useless at home, and ever prone to range:
With Shows delighted, and so vain is She,
She'll meet the Devil, rather than not see.
Our wise Creator, for his Choires Divine,
Peopled his Heav'n with Souls all Masculine.
Ah! why must Man from Woman take his Birth?
Why was this Sin of Nature made on Earth?
This fair Defect, this helpless Aid, call'd Wife;
The bending Crutch of a decripit Life.
Posterity no Pairs from you shall find,
But such as by mistake of Love are join'd:
The worthiest Men their Wishes ne'er shall gain;
But see the Slaves they scorn, their Loves obtain.
Blind Appetite shall your Wild Fancies Rule;
False to Desert, and faithful to a Fool.

[*Turns in anger from her, and is going off.*

Eve kneeling.] Unkind! wilt thou forsake me in distress,
For that which now is past me to redress?
I have misdone; and I endure the smart:
Loth to acknowledge, but more loth to part.
The blame be mine; you warn'd, and I refus'd:
What would you more? I have my self accus'd.
Was plighted Faith so weakly seal'd above,
That, for an Error, I must lose your Love?
Had you so err'd, I should have been more kind,
Than to add pain to an afflicted Mind.
Adam. Y'are grown much humbler than you were before:
I pardon you; but see my Face no more.
Eve. Vain Pardon, which includes a greater Ill:
Be still displeas'd; but let me see you still.
Without your much lov'd Sight, I cannot live;
You more than kill me, if you so forgive.
The Beasts, since we are fall'n, their Lords despise;
And, passing, look at me with glaring Eyes?
Must I then wander helpless and alone?
You'll pity me too late when I am gone.
Adam. Your Penitence does my Compassion move;
As you deserve it, I may give my Love.
Eve. On me alone let Heav'n's Displeasure fall;
You merit none, and I deserve it all.
Adam. You all Heav'n's Wrath! how could you bear a part,
Who bore not mine, but

Forgive me, I am more in fault than you.
Return to me, and to my Love return;
And, both offending, for each other mourn.

Enter Raphael.

Raphael. Of Sin to warn thee, I before was sent;
For Sin, I now pronounce thy Punishment.
Yet that much lighter than thy Crimes require,
Th' All-Good does not his Creatures Death desire:
Justice must punish the Rebellious Deed;
Yet punish so, as Pity shall exceed.

Adam. I neither can dispute his Will, nor dare;
Death will dismiss me from my future Care,
And lay me softly in my Native Dust,
To pay the forfeit of ill-manag'd Trust.

Eve. Why seek you Death? Consider e'er you speak?
The Laws were hard, the Pow'r to keep 'em, weak.
Did we sollicite Heav'n to mould our Clay,
From Darkness, to produce us to the Day?
Did we concur to Life, or chuse to be?
Was it our Will which form'd, or was it He?
Since 'twas His Choice, not ours, which plac'd us here,
The Laws we did not chuse, why should we bear?

Adam. Seek not in vain our Maker to accuse:
Terms were propos'd; Power left us to refuse,
The Good we have enjoy'd from Heav'n's Free-will,
And shall we murmur to endure the Ill?
Should we a Rebel-Son's Excuse receive,
Because he was begot without his leave?
Heav'n's Right in us is more; first, form'd to serve;
The Good we merit not, the Ill deserve;

Raphael. Death is deferr'd, and Penitence has room
To mitigate, if not reverse the Doom:
But, for your Crime, th' Eternal does ordain
In *Eden* you no longer shall remain.
Hence to the lower World you are exil'd,
This Place, with Crimes, shall be no more defil'd.

Eve. Must we this blissful Paradise forego?

Raphael. Your Lot must be where Thorns and Thistles grow
Unbid, as Balm and Spices did at first;
For Man, the Earth, of which he was, is curst:

To Adam. By thy own Toil procur'd, thou Food shalt eat,
And know not plenty, but from painful Sweat.
She, by a Curse, of future Wives abhorr'd,

And HE shall Rule, and [illegible]
Desiring more of Love than Man can give.

Adam. Heav'n is all Mercy; Labour I would chuse,
And could sustain this Paradise to lose
The Bliss; but not the Place; Here, could I say,
Heav'ns winged Messenger did pass the Day;
Under this Pine the glorious Angel stay'd:
Then show my wond'ring Progeny the Shade.
In Woods and Lawns where-e'er thou didst appear,
Each Place some Monument of thee should bear.
I, with green Turfs, would grateful Altars raise,
And Heav'n, with Gums and offer'd Incense, Praise.

Raphael. Where-e'er thou art, He is; th' Eternal Mind
Acts through all Places, is to none confin'd;
Fills Ocean, Earth, and Air, and all above,
And through the Universal Mass does move.
Thou canst be no where distant: Yet this place
Had been thy Kingly Seat; and here thy Race,
From all the Ends of Peopled Earth had come
To rev'rence Thee, and see their Native Home,
Immortal then; now Sickness, Care, and Age,
And War, and Luxury's more direful Rage,
Thy Crimes have brought, to shorten Mortal Breath,
With all the num'rous Family of Death.

Eve. My Spirits faint, while I these Ills fore-know,
And find my self the sad Occasion too.
But what is Death?

Raphael. In Vision thou shalt see his grisly Face,
The King of Terrors raging in thy Race:
That whilst in future Fate thou shar'st thy Part,
A kind Remorse, for Sin, may seize thy Heart.

The Scene shifts and discovers Death of several sorts: A Battle at Land, and a Naval Fight.

Adam. O wretched Off-spring! O unhappy State
Of all Mankind, by me betray'd by Fate!
Born, through my Crime, to be Offenders first;
And, for those Sins they could not shun, accurst.

Eve. Why is Life forc'd! No Man, who, might he chuse,
Would not accept what he with Pain must lose;
Unknowing, he receives it; and, when known,
He thinks it his, and values it, 'tis gone.

Raphael. Behold of ev'ry Age; ripe Manhood see,
Decrepit Years and helpless Infancy;
Those who by lingring Sickness lose their Breath;
And those who by Despair [illegible]

For Love, or for mistaken Honour, fight:
See those, more mad, who throw their Lives away
In needless Wars; the Stakes which Monarchs lay,
When for each other's Provinces they Play.
Then, as if Earth too narrow were for Rage,
On open Seas, their Quarrels they debate;
In hollow Wood, thay floating Armies bear;
And force imprison'd Winds to bring 'em near.

Eve. Who would the Miseries of Man foreknow?
Not knowing, we but share our Part of Woe;
Now, we the Fate of future Ages bear;
And e'er their Birth, behold our Dead appear.

Adam. The Deaths thou show'st are forc'd, and full of Strife;
Cast headlong from the Precipice of Life.
Is there no smooth descent, no painless way
Of kindly mixing with our Native Clay;

Raphael. There is; but rarely shall that Path be trod,
Which, without Horror, leads to Death's abode.
Some few, by Temperance taught, approaching slow,
To distant Fate, by easie journeys, go;
Gently they lay 'em down, as Ev'ning Sheep
On their own woolly Fleeces softly sleep.

Adam. So noiseless would I live, such death to find,
Like timely Fruit, not shaken by the Wind;
But ripely drooping from the sapless Bough,
And dying, nothing to my self would owe.

Eve. Thus daily changing, with a duller taste
Of lessening Joys, I, by degrees, would waste:
Still quitting Ground, by unperceiv'd decay,
And steal my self from Life, and melt away.

Raphael. Death you have seen:
How happy they in deathless Pleasures live,
Far more than I can show, or you can see,
Shall crown the blest with Immortality.

Here a Heav'n descends, full of Angels and blessed Spirits, with soft Musick; a Song and Chorus.

Adam. O Goodness infinite! whose Heav'nly Will
Can so much Good produce, from so much Ill!
Happy their State!
Pure, and unchang'd, and needing no defence
From Sin, as did my frailer Innocence.
Their Joy sincere, and with no Sorrow mixt,